LONDON LIFE.

No. 2. LONDON, MAY 31st, 1879. ONE PENNY.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

AS IT IS.

THE ROAD HOME FROM THE DERBY.

THE ROAD AND THE RACE.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE AND AS IT IS.

Past is the glorious twenty-fourth of May,
Our gracious Queen's eventful natal day;
Her years then numbered just exact three score,
May she remain amongst us many more.
What did I say? Remain amongst us well!
That's what, unfortunately, I'm forced to tell,
She will not, for in sunny southern skies,
Or Scotia's hills, greater attraction lies.
So though her British subjects welcome make,
Right loyally, our Queen will not partake
With them in joyous birthday celebration,
But sulks alone, and makes mean evasion
Of her high duties, and to others leaves
The part she ought to play, and so she grieves
The hearts of all who really wish her well,
And wish, in person, to her Highness tell
Their loyal and respectful salutation.
She'll none of it, and this great occasion,
Has been allowed to pass. May it not be
That thus repulsed we possibly may see,
But little notice taken of the day,
"The roarious, glorious, twenty-fourth of May."
Now let us see how these things ought to be,
First let the Queen *herself* the bridges free;
Herself inspect the men who yearly troop
The colours in her honour; let the group
Assembled down at Westminster comprise
Her Majesty herself, for it but lies
Within the scope of her august vocation,
Not to have missed so splendid an occasion,
To celebrate a family tradition.
The "*Westminster Industrial Exhibition.*"
A splendid opportunity had given,
Had our good Queen but honestly have striven
To win the hearts of those whose lowly station
Would make the more sincere the the great ovation,
Which would have greeted our Most Gracious Queen,
Had she allowed herself to be there seen.
That would have been a pretty good day's task,
And surely none of us would meanly ask
For more than this. One day, I fear you'll laugh
At me, for thinking ever you'll get half.
We'll leave her till the middle of the week
Which next ensues, before we further seek,
To tax her Majesty, and then we own
We dearly should rejoice did she go down
To Epsom, as she *once* has done; the day
Was many a year ago, but still it may
Survive within the memory of some,
Who fondly hope the day may some time come,
When once again the royal equipage
May the attention rapt of all engage.
Far different is the crowd we yearly see,
This is more how it *is, not ought* to be.
Welshers both high and low go down in shoals,
The genus welsher, 'mongst its ranks enrols
Many a *noble* lord of high degree,
Whose only claim to real nobility.
Lies in the handle to his name. 'Tis true,
I'm sorry reader I must tell to you,
The owner or reputed owner of the horse
Who stands first favourite, and on the course,
Will doubtless strive to justify his claim
To be so reckoned, yes this very same
Young noble owner, brother to a peer,
Is little better than a welsher, that's clear.
After the welshers then we have the girls,
Arrayed in paint and powder, and false curls,
Smart when they issue first away from home,
O'er Epsom downs in search of flats to roam;
But sadly damaged ere they turn again,
Their garments soiled with drink, or dirt, or rain,
In the direction of the shady groves
Of the evangelist, where naughty loves
Are looked upon with charity sublime.
It seems to have been so, aye since the time
That human habitations first were built,
Where most abound illicit love and guilt;
But let them go, and now pray let us turn
From those who with unholy passions burn,
To members of what's called the brute creation,
And let me give a very brief narration,
Oh how these brutes, although they are not more
Of brutes, than some I've mentioned here before,
Are likely to acquit themselves when placed
Before the starter, and which, out-paced
Shall quickly from the contest swift retire
Defeated, they should surely not aspire
To the blue riband of the turf, but be
Content with smaller prizes, let us see
How will their fleeter brethren in the race
Perform when comes the struggle in the chase
Cadogan was at Newmarket we know
By *Charibert* defeated; tell me how
He is to turn the tables on his foe,
And beat him? I think not and surely so
Shall *Charibert* himself defeated, too,
By *Victor Chief* or *Falmouth*, just run through
Into the barren honours of a place
I almost doubt if this will be the case.
Whilst of outsiders I may say *Ruperra*
Seems almost good enough to save from error
Those who like outside chances. Next to him
Amongst outsiders comes *Blue Blood*, but dim
And dismal are his chances; *Rayon D'Or*
I cannot stand for beaten well before
At Newmarket, I see no reason why
He'll alter things, however hard he try.
And finally I'll state my firm belief
The VICTOR will indeed be VICTOR CHIEF.
Should aught with him presume dispute the place
Of first, t'will FALMOUTH be who'll win the race
The issue of the Oaks I'll soon reveal
For WHEEL OF FORTUNE will prove fortune's *weal.*

THE FASCINATING FOREIGNER OF ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

Chapter II.

When fairly clear of the house, in which took place the incidents mentioned in our last chapter, our hero suggested that he should call a cab, but was checked by the fair foreigner, who stated that she had but little distance to go, and, moreover, that after the excitement of the last few minutes, the fresh air was especially grateful to her, and tended to recover her from the almost fainting condition she was in.

Harry was very young and very green, at all events as far as matters of love or intrigue were concerned, the great personal beauty of this daughter of the sunny south, her evidently helpless and unprotected state, had completely aroused his sympathy, and more than sympathy.

He was over head and ears honestly in love with this beautiful foreigner, whose acquaintance he had made so suddenly and under such peculiar circumstances.

It was therefore with a thrill of pleasure that went through his whole frame like an electric shock, that he felt her little gloved hand passed through his arm, even before he had the opportunity of offering it to his fair companion.

She had evidently no mistrust or fear of him.

Harry, although as a rule he was about as utter a stranger to any feeling akin to "mauvaise hontè" as any man breathing, was for the moment so embarrassed by the mingled feelings of admiration for his companion, anger at the blackguard conduct of the brute who had so recently insulted her, and general wonder at the strangeness of his adventure, that he silently walked by the side of his fascinating partner, and allowed her to guide him, almost without his noticing the direction in which their steps were tending, until he found himself turning from Coventry Street up Rupert Street.

They had not progressed many yards up this street before she stopped at a door, on which, in very large letters on a brass plate, was the name "Belasco."

The name was at that time utterly unknown to him.

He knew enongh and more than enough about him subsequently.

He came to know him by the light of subsequent events as one of the most atrocious scoundrels that was ever permitted to carry on the disgusting and immoral trade which he did at that time manage to carry on with impunity.

What that trade was, and who were some of the poor victims of his nefarious schemes, will to some extent be revealed during the course of this but too true story.

But we will not anticipate.

In reply to Bianca's knock, for the scoundrel who had molested her at the Swallow Street establishment had managed to make himself acquainted with her name, and he had so addressed her, a woman decently attired, but of somewhat forbidding countenance, almost instantaneously opened the door, and ushered Harry and his companion into the passage.

No sooner had they entered than a beautiful little boy about four years old, the exact image of "Bianca," rushed forward to meet her, and was quickly smothered by the caresses of his young mother, for so she was, and Harry was more than half inclined to be jealous of the little intruder.

Soon however she turned round to her new-found friend and, again thank him with voice and eyes for his manly protection of her from insult.

Harry had by this time found his tongue, and did not fail to use it, to urge upon the fair foreigner that if she did indeed wish to recompense him for any slight service he might have rendered her, that the best way she could do so would be by giving him the opportunity of improving the acquaintance which had so auspiciously commenced.

Bianca was nothing loth to do so, for in truth she was herself attracted by the fresh and good looks of the young stranger, as well as by his very evident admiration of herself, and was no more desirous of there and then terminating the acquaintance than was our hero.

She therefore did not require much pressing to induce her to promise to meet Harry the next night at the Argyll Rooms. Then having gallantly saluted the fair foreigner he took his leave, but hardly had he closed Belasco's door behind him than he found himself accosted by the bully he had chastised in the earlier part of the evening.

Harry knew well enough that he had not been followed, so he was convinced the man must have had some previous knowledge that Bianca was in the habit of frequenting the establishment he had just quitted.

That, however, did not trouble him much.

If he had for a moment been dumbfoundered under the combined influences of the bright eyes, good looks, and evident partiality to himself displayed by the lady of his love, and he really was in love, he was not at all likely to stand any nonsense at the hands of the man he had treated with so little ceremony such a short time previously.

"Perhaps you don't know who I am, young sir?" said Harry's late antagonist.

"No," he replied, "but I have given you a pretty broad hint of who and what I am, and I should strongly advise you for the future to keep a more civil tongue, and be more discreet in your behaviour, or you may have further experience, which might not be agreeable to you, of who I am."

"Well," replied the other one; "it is your turn this time, but as sure as my name's Dick Brapton, I'll stop your little game, and my lady's too, inside there. Perhaps you know now that I have but to say the word, and you would be supplied with lodgings, which you might not like quite so well as your comfortable chambers in the Adelphi. My name's Brapton," he continued, "and so surely as you ever see that woman again, by —— you and she shall rue it to the last day of your lives."

Now, as soon as our hero heard this man mention his name, it was all over with him.

He was over head and ears in love already, he had been completely captivated by the beauty, grace, and the apparent defencelessness of the heroine of his half-hour's romance.

Added to that, was the charm of a certain amount of mystery which seemed to envelope her, and he had already determined, at all hazards, to pursue to a successful issue, the intrigue on which he had entered.

But now there was an additional charm imported into the affair.

He knew well enough the name the man had given him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAST GIRLS AT CHURCH.

We have lately seen a great deal of what I cannot call discussion, because there must be at least two parties to a discussion, but rather allegations concerning the necessity of the existence of what it is customary to call the "social evil" in our midst. I do not propose at present to take up the cudgels, to do battle against this theory, or in favour of that at any time. But impossible as it is to ignore the existence of this evil, and certain as it is that the clergy cannot any more than any other class of the community pretend to be ignorant of its enormous extent, I take it that there are but few who would argue that the actual bodily presence of it in our west end churches is either necessary or desirable. It is doutless true that "*Israel's Sweet Singer*" was not more particular than he ought to have been in his dealings with the fair sex, and that in fact "not to put too fine a point on it," a murder more or less was not to the Man after God's own heart" a matter of the slightest importance, so long as he was able to gratify his sensual desires. But there is every reason to suppose that when he "was glad when they said unto him, we will go into the house of the Lord," it was not because he had an assignation there with one of the fallen daughters of Israel. They managed things at Church differently in those days and the fair sex, whether frail or not, were distinguished there then, if not by their absence at all events by their invisibility. But "nous avons changez tout cela." The intelligent foreigner of whom we so often hear, were he to take a stroll up Regent Street on Saturday night and Sunday night would be struck with the comparative absence from the "pavé" of the customary nymphs thereof, on the latter evening, but if he were to come to the conclusion that when we put on our Sunday clothes we also put on our Sunday morals he would fall into very grievous error. The reason why there are so few of the wretched sisterhood in Regent *Street* on Sunday night is because they are most of them in the Regent Street *Churches*, and they dont go there to attend addresses for the edification of "fallen women," at least not from the pulpit.

They go there to ply their miserable trade, and according to their own statement a very good trade they drive there.

One of their number informed me that she took more money between seven and ten o'clock on Sunday night than on any other three days in the week.

She was a regular attendant at divine service every Sunday evening, but she did not confine her visits to that establishment; she was delightfully latitudinarian in her religious opinions. High or low, ritualistic, or extreme evangelical, broad, orthodox, or heterodox, all were alike, and all were fish for her net. She did not even exclusively patronise one place only, one night,

It was no unusual thing for her to receive a well known signal in the church at the top of the street before the psalms were over, retire abruptly, and be at the church at the bottom of the street and out again before the sermon was over.

This is a phase in "London Life," which I hope and trust finds no prototype in any other town, in this country at all events.

Further, I am informed, that at some of the extreme ritualistic churches further eastward, these women attend even on week days, but as the congregation on these occasions consists mainly of ladies, it can hardly be towards them, that they look for their admirers, and as for the choristers they are too wise in their generation to direct their attention to that quarter. But at these establishments there are invariably several young curates, some of them being possessed of considerable means.

THE THEATRE R[O]YAL St. STE[PHEN'S]

Our *Children* have been used at *Christmas-tide*,
The happy hours to find most fleetly glide.
When witnessing, perhaps at "Drury Lane,"
Or "Covent Garden," Columbine sustain

Her graceful part. [illegible] too we've got,
Of years mature, w[illegible]ime does not
Commence till late. So
Prophetic, our New We show,

RE RO[AL] St. STEPHEN'S.

raceful part. n too we've got,
ars mature, w[h]n. So [time does not
ience till late we show,
etic, our New

Who shortly will the old worn-out one oust,
And in her place be permanently housed.
As "*Premiere Danseuse*" soon she'll grace
St. Stephen's boards, and long retain her place.

It is time that there should arrise amongst us, one who should trumpet-tongued cry aloud against this scandal and proclaim "my house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it worse than a den of theives." But there is no sign of his coming. Our clergy of the present day have no desire to alter the present state of things, their thoughts are occupied with money grubbing rather than cleansing the sanctuary from gross pollution. It will be long before that priest will preach concerning whom it shall be said as the result of his ministrations that "those who came for lust remained for prayer."

FIREWORKS.

Fine weather is coming on at last, and admiring crowds will go and see the fireworks at the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, nay, more, they will go as far as Holland, via North Woolwich Gardens. The Emperor William of the long Moustache will welcome them to see his Fireworks, aye, even as Squib welcomes the readers of London Life to read his Fireworks.

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Talking of the Emperor of Caterers, it was a sight to see him in the chair on the inauguration night at the Star Music Hall, Bermondsey. He said he was the Surreyside Cock of the Walk, and he crowed accordingly.

* * *

Whilst Holland was in the chair, Walter Burnot was on the stage spouting an original address.

* * *

This was what he spouted.

* * *

Good gracious, Evans, I have heard folks say;
Good, gracious, Evans we meet here to day,
Here in this hall, where talent always plays,
Here in this hall that once was 'neath a Hayes,
The Evans' shine forth, and pleased we really are
To find the Evans' have at last at star,
And stars will always shine here day by day,
Whilst we have Simpson in the milky way.
The Chairman, as of late, a real first-rater,
He'll keep the roof on right, for he's a Slater.
The leader here, all honours he will share 'em,
Shar 'em, of course he will, and also *Wareham.*
Here we'll have audiences of A 1 manners,
Who'll spend their bobs and bring in all their tanners.
And now to night, our grand Inauguration,
I'll tell you what Fred. has in preparation;
The best of talent, serio-comic, too,
And ballets fit to meet the public view;
Music and song, too good to set you grumbling,
Flying trapeze and other sorts of tumbling;
But still our Fred. has got a proper whim,
And that is that you'll tumble well to him.
Now for our chairmen, who have done what's right,
And helped to aid our great success to-night;
We've W. Holland, who can represent
Three different places—Holland, Surrey, Kent;
Then Lloyd, a publican and sinner's present,
And very rightly represents the Pheasant;
Tho' unaloyed his goodness, Lloyd's his name,
And, like his Pheasant, he is always game;
George Evans too of the good men is one,
By George, the Evans' have a Rising Sun;
Then Vezey proves to every one's delight,
We've easily secured him here to-night;
And Bottomley, who's got the Eagle shop,
We'd *eagle-ly* place Bottomley—the top.
My nonsense pray excuse; my jokes, tho' weak,
Are meant to bring Fred. Evans on to speak.

Bravo! Bravo! these are the shouts that reach my ears as the Prince of Wales drives bravely along to open the five bridges that cross the Thames, and are now free to the British Public.

* * *

That's the way to make frieuds with — well, let us say the down-trodden toiling masses of humanity. who dont expect much of you, my Prince, but only ask that they and their little ones may be provided with food and raiment, according to their station in life.

* * *

For be it known unto you, my dear Albert Edward, that there is too much monopoly in the land.

* * *

Monopoly that does not give a small artificer any chance of making capital out of the invention of his brains or hands, for the great manufacturers make our locks and our tools by thousands, and all of the same pattern. Monopoly too that grinds down the toiling masses according to the state of the labour market and the stock of human bone and sinew to be obtained at the cheapest price.

* * *

Mr Blanchard gave, on Monday, May 19th. what may be termed a lecture on Comic Journalism, and in conclusion, Mr. Blanchard gave an interesting summary of the history of the "Daily Telegraph." The first number of the "Daily Telegraph" appeared on June 29th, 1855, at twopence. It was started by a few military officers with the idea of humbling the Horse Guards, against which they had a grievance. Colonel Sleigh was the editor, and nearly everybody wrote for it, though very few got paid. For four months it dragged on a wretched existence, and it was necessary to do something. Colonel Sleigh then reduced the price to a penny, on September 17, 1855, but the reduction made very little difference in the prospects of the paper, and the difficulties of getting to press were enormous, as sheriffs' officers were lying in wait to seize upon the type directly it came out of the office. Sometimes a hearse was made use of, sometimes a cab, which was careful to go in the opposite direction. Under such circumstances the paper could not go on, and ultimately Colonel Sleigh was very glad to sell, for a nominal sum, al right he had in the paper, save a small right upon which he had borrowed £60, and which £60 afterwards realized the enormous sum of £375,000! The great sale of the paper was made over the fall of Delhi. A mail was expected on Saturday night, and Mr. R. Hanson and Mr. Pearson, who were then working the paper, got eight compositors to stay on the premises by paying them overtime out of their own pockets, and plying them with beer. The mail arrived, and the paper was published on Sunday morning with the news. The sale by eleven o'clock had reached thirty thousand, and the foutune of the "Telegraph" was made. This was the only instance—September 11, 1857—that a daily paper was published on Sunday. To show the enormous growth of the paper, Mr. Blanchard mentioned that on the previous Thursday, when there was a twelve-page issue, the advertisements were of the value of £2,221 8s! Mr. Blanchard then alluded in eulogistic terms to Mr. G. A. Sala, who had done so much to make the "Telegraph" a success, and concluded amid loud applause,

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A wonderful narrative, and in the main a true one, although I fancy the story about the hearse belongs to a period before the "Telegraph" was in existence.

* * *

At any rate, it served its purpose of raising a laugh, although it was a *queer* subject.

* * *

There are several persons in existence who, as well as Mr. Blanchard, could tell a good story of the History of the "Daily Telegraph," for instance, when the paper was 2d., it was published by Lionel Brough, the now celebrated comedian. Some could also tell how they have been compelled to gaze upon their own Ruined Homes, in consequence of not being able to obtain their copies till some of the large firms, especially one, whose head boasts of being a good man, and also a Good Templar, had got the whole of their supply; the poorer ones, who having first pushed the paper, when it was in its infancy, being compelled to look on, hardly daring to say how unfairly they were being served. This is not a comic story, but at all events a true one, that many in the trade can testify, thus showing another instance of monopoly by masters.

* * *

My recollection carries me back to when the firm of Levy, Moss & Co. had but one Hoe's machine, so I must be excused for raking up, and adding to the lecturer's recollections.

* * *

I hear that Beaky has purchased a residence at Clapham Common; is this done so that he may be near to Spurgeon, and that the latter may, when he feels dull, sing him the Song of Benjamin.

* * *

When I take my rod and line to go angling, I shall expect to see Ben and Spurgeon sitting side by side amongst a crowd of other boys, on the banks of the large pond on the common, vainly endeavouring to beguile tittlebats into the can held between them.

* * *

There is a little chatter in town just at the present about licensing the Demi-Monde. I wonder whether

Stella, Amy, Jessie, or any of the stock of ladies who infest the west end of our great metropolis will object to such a close examination, or whether they will lay their claims as subjects of the Duke of Argyle before the Commoners of England.

* * *

Ring the bells till the day comes when they are to be licensed, should that day ever arrive, solemn warning notes will ring out well if not a funeral dirge at all events a big knell.

* * *

The Peace Society has issued an address to the people of England on the Zulu War. It is issued in the form of a poster, and may be seen on any of the hoardings in the principal thoroughfares. It should be read by all.

* * *

Tramway drivers will in future be called Happy Muleteers.

* * *

Uncle Joe and Uncle George have come to town, and these Veteran darkies have promised to send Jester plenty of subscribers and inspirations of Coming Events.

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Labby is so satisfied with the circulation of "Truth" and the consequent profit that he now intends to publish "The Liar," doubtless Horace Voules will see to it.

* * *

And now to wish that those who have put money on the Derby and Oaks will be winners, and return home with their pockets lined, and all the better for the day's outing, then I will shake my bells and throw my cap in the air, and for once be a gay and roystering

JESTER.

AMIABLE CHAMBERMAIDS.

A short time ago, after several years' service at the counter, I succeeded in obtaining the darling object of my ambition, and was appointed traveller to our firm for London and suburbs at a fixed salary, and so much a week for expenses. The post was a tolerably lucrative one, and being young, even tempered, and, as I flattered myself, decidedly good looking, bland, and pretentious, I soon acquired the character of being a "jolly good fellow," and as an inevitable result, was expeditiously initiated into the arts and mysteries of my profession, and soon became as brazen and rakish as the most impudent(which means, gallantly interpreted, accomplished) knight of the road. Billiards and betting were my amusements, wine and women my diversion, and lying my trade; and in the latter accomplishment I became so perfect that truth was discarded as an unprofitable commodity, worse than useless to me, and prejudicial to the best interests of my firm; which as their itinerant representative I was in duty bound to study before any scruples of conscience. My dress, I must own, was faultless, my make-up simply exquisite, my ornaments models of taste, and my air and carriage as unembarrassed and easy as any swell's, favoured and flavoured with a Piccadilly training.

I soon acquired the art of walking into an hotel with the greatest nonchalance and consummate assurance, gave my orders in the tone of one born to command, and took stock of the "ladies of the establishment" without blanching before the battery of a dozen bright eyes, and, in fact, acquired such cool confidence that, although I was born at Camberwell, breeched at Bethnal Green, trained at Islington, and turned out at Notting Hill (my parents had strange fancies for moving long distances), I verily believe that no heir to a peerage could stare at a pretty girl with greater intrepidity than my precious self. But as there is no great master of any art but what others may be found to equal him, I soon learned by experience that my accomplishments were not by any means singular, but unto me, amazingly general, and as I progressed in the study of intrigue, I seldom failed to find my match, or rather matches, for some of them were warm ones.

Pretty dears! I once vainly fancied ere I quitted the tape and counter for ever, that barmaids were the most interesting and complaisant darlings in creation, but when I reached the high standard of a traveller for a large house with unlimited resources, I soon found that for finesse in assignations they couldn't "hold a candle" to chambermaids at a commercial hotel. Indeed, upon reflection, it can hardly be expected they should, as candle and chambermaid are almost synymous, at least you seldom have one without the other.

It must not, however, be inferred from the foregoing observation that I wish to include in the category of the rendevzous I am about to make my readers acquainted with all commercial hotels, or inns, whichever you like, to designate them, (I prefer to call them inns as there are many ins and outs before one finds oneself at home), as many are conducted with strict propriety, but this I boldly aver, that if you have plenty of "tin," (either your own or somebody else's, it don't matter a button), and don't mind "floating" it, you may find at many houses for commercial gentlemen all accommodation, some items of which are not included in the bill, and many a charmer as kind as desire might wish. Of course many casual travellers visit these inns, en route, without any inkling of how far their hospitality extends, but "the gentleman who stops regular" has the run, if not with the proprietor's knowledge; it is very singular how celebrated an establishment may become without the principal being aware of the distinction.

Enter with miss this, or miss that, or madam the other, and you will be received as stately as a duke at a baronial hall, but step up boldly man—in whispers of course—with my darling Sue, my sweet Maria, my bonny Lucy, or my pet Matilda, and wonderful to relate the charmer will recognise you in a moment, and playfully declare that she knew you before you were born. Too well I know it, and as I linger round a well-known haunt, "out of collar," with my coat buttoned round a figure which, like shoulders of mutton in the Metropolitan Meat Market on Saturdays, you can almost see through, and observe some gay young blade cutting a dash with pretty Jemima, I bash my old hat over my eyes like a comic singer at a music hall, jingle the keys in my pocket like a guinea clerk with his sweetheart on Sunday, bolt through a side door like a pantaloon through a trap, and mutter inwardly, with a sardonic grin, "go it my hearty," you'll soon find out, like myself, what it all ends in.

A dissolute life is justly termed fast, for in none other is happiness of such short duration.

As I told your readers last week I would, I went to hear the sensational trial of the Queen *v.* Campbell and another. I found I was not mistaken in supposing that I knew some of the parties interested.

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Mr. Campbell turned out to be no other than the Calisher I supposed him to be. The case lasted the whole week, and did not conclude until nearly seven o'clock, and it resulted in a verdict of acquittal.

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Space will not this week permit me to comment at length upon the "dramatis personæ," although they are all pretty well known to me, but I propose to do so next week.

* * *

At present I may say that this protracted trial gave us an insight into two things which may not be devoid of interest to your readers. First it showed us the sort of men who are by our rulers considered fit and proper persons to sit upon the bench, and second it showed us the sort of persons who are considered fit and proper persons to remain members of the Naval and Military Club.

* * *

Mr. Justice Field on Saturday last gave us an exhibition of gross partiality, which I hope will find no parallel on the English bench, and Captain Poynter late of the 14 Hussars, told us "that his conduct had been enquired into by a committee of his club, and that they were one and all of opinion that he should be permitted to remain a member of the Naval and Military Club."

* * *

In my humble opinion Captain Poynter ought to be where he was very nearly sending two innocent men, innocent at least of the charge upon which they were indicted, and that is in Newgate, rather than at the Naval and Military Club, and if Mr. Justice Field were with him it would not do much harm to the administration of justice.

* * *

The judge in the most shameless manner identified himself with the prosecution, and in speaking of a discrepancy between two copies of the same document which were held, one by the learned counsel for the prosecution and the other by those for the defence. He spoke of the one held by the prosecution as OUR copy. Comment on this fact would be superfluous. He all but ordered the jury to convict the prisoners, and had they been careless and inattentive during the protracted enquiry, and consequently compelled to accept the judge's version of the evidence these men would have had their Sunday's dinner in Newgate. Fortunately for them the exact opposite was the case, a more patient, painstaking, thoroughly impartial, upright, and independent jury never tried a case, and they very soon let Mr. Justice Field know that they were not going to be dictated by him as to the verdict they were to give.

* * *

As for Mr. Attenborough, the prosecutor, he is we are told, about to retire from business, and I should be very much surprised if anything in this trial should induce him to alter his decision. The judge, it is true, went out of his way to compliment him, and quoted the counsel for the defence as having done the same. Now, though the counsel for the defence refrained from making any imputations on the character either of Mr. Attenborough or his principal assistant, they did comment very strongly on the disgracefully, careless, and confused way in which his business was conducted, and distinctly stated that it was in consequence of this carelessness and confusion that these two actions, one civil and the other criminal, ever arose, as for two of his junior assistants the counsel for the defence distinctly charged them with shameful perjury, and the jury adopted this view of their evidence.

* * *

It was very wrong of the retired Butcher when he found he could not get on with the widow to seduce the Barmaid, and when she affiliated the kid, to plead that he was out of business. But when the Barmaid told the Bench he had retired, the latter let him have it hot. 'T was worse than going to buy a calf on the 1st of April.

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